TO THE
READER.

I Must inform the Reader, that when I begun this First Book, I had some Thoughts of Translating the whole Iliad: but had the Pleasure of being diverted from that Design, by finding the Work was fallen into a much abler Hand. I would not therefore be thought to have any other View in publishing this small Specimen of Homer's Iliad, than to bespeak, if possible, the Favour of the Publick to a Translation of Homer's Odysseis, wherein I have already made some Progress.

THOMAS TICKELL

THE ILIAD

BOOK 1

RESTART BOOK 1

.ORG

DIGITAL CLASSICS

THESE LINES HAVE CONVERGED TO TELL
A STORY THAT SATISFIES ME IN MY HEART,
WHERE ONLY THERE IT REALLY COUNTS.

INCLUDED:

253 Mark what I speak: An hour is on its way
254 When gifts tenfold for this affront shall pay;
255 Suppress thy wrath, and Heaven and me obey.'
351 Twice ten selected Greeks, a brawny band,
352 Tug the tough oars at the great king's command.

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground:
Another race the following spring supplies,
They fall successive, and successive rise;

AS IF INTERLEAVED

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Q1 ACHILLES' fatal Wrath, whence Dis$_{cord\ rose}$
That brought the Sons of Greece un$_{number'd\ Woes,}$
O Goddess sing. Full many a Hero's Ghost
Was driv'n untimely to th' Infernal Coast,
While in promiscuous Heaps their Bodies lay,
A Feast for Dogs, and ev'ry Bird of Prey.
So did the Sire of Gods and Men fulfil
His stedfast Purpose, and Almighty Will;
Q2 What time the haughty Chiefs their Jars begun,
Atrides King of Men, and Peleus' **godlike** Son.
✦ What God in Strife the Princes did engage?
Apollo, burning with vindictive Rage
Against the scornful King, whose impious Pride
His Priest dishonour'd, and his Pow'r defy'd.
Hence swift Contagion, by the God's commands,
Swept through the Camp and thinn'd the Grecian Bands.
For, Wealth immense the holy Chryses bore,
(His Daughter's Ransom,) to the Tented Shore:
His Sceptre stretching forth, the golden Rod,
Hung round with hallow' d Garlands of his God,
Of all the Host, of ev'ry Princely Chief,
But first of Atreus' Sons be begg'd Relief:
'Great Atreus' Sons, and warlike Greeks, attend.
So may th'immortal Gods your Cause befriend,
So may you Priam's lofty Bulwarks burn,
L1[I] And rich in gather'd Spoils to Greece return,
A As for these Gifts my Daughter you bestow,
And Rev'rence due to great Apollo show,
Jove's Fav'rite Offspring, terrible in War,
Who sends his Shafts, un-erring, from afar.'
Throughout the Host consenting Murmurs rise
The Priest to rev'rence, and give back the Prize;
When the Great King, incens'd, his Silence broke
In Words reproachful, and thus sternly spoke:
'Hence, Dotard, from my Sight. Nor ever more
Approach, I warn thee, this forbidden Shore;
Lest thou stretch forth, my Fury to restrain,
The Wreaths and Sceptre of thy God in vain.
The Captive Maid I never will resign.
Till Age o'ertakes her, I have vow'd her Mine.
To distant Argos shall the Fair be led:
She shall, to ply the Loom, and grace my Bed.
Q4 Begone, e'er Evil intercept thy way.
Hence, on thy Life: nor urge me by thy Stay.'
He ended frowning. Speechless, and dismay'd,
The Aged Sire his stern Command obey'd.
Tickell Silent he pass'd, amid the deaf'ning Roar
Iliad Of tumbling Billows, on the lonely Shore;
Far from the Camp he pass'd: then suppliant stood;
1.50 And thus the hoary Priest invok'd his God:

1 (1C) 'Dread Warriour with the Silver Bow, give Ear.
Patron of Chrysa and of Cilla, hear.
To Thee the Guard of Tenedos belongs;
Propitious Smintheus! Oh! redress my Wrongs.
If e'er within thy Fane, with Wreaths adorn'd, 55
The Fat of Bulls and well-fed Goats I burn'd,
Oh! hear my Pray'r! Let Greece thy Fury know,
And with thy Shafts avenge thy Servant's Woe!'
Apollo heard his injur'd Suppliant's Cry. Q5
Down rush'd the vengeful Warrior from the Sky; 60
Across his Breast the glitt'ring Bow he flung,
And at his Back the well-stor'd Quiver hung:
(His Arrows rattled, as he urg'd his Flight.)
In Clouds he flew, conceal'd from Mortal Sight;
Then took his Stand the well-aim'd Shaft to throw: 65
Fierce sprung the String, and twang'd the Silver Bow.
The Dogs and Mules his first keen Arrow slew;
Amid the Ranks the next more fatal flew,
A deathful Dart. The Fun'ral Piles around
For-ever blaz'd on the devoted Ground. 70
Nine Days entire, he vex'd th' embattail'd Hoast.
The Tenth, Achilles through the winding Coast
Summon'd a Council, by the Queen's Command
Who wields Heav'n's Sceptre in her Snowy Hand:
She mourn'd her fav'rite Greeks, who now enclose 75
The Hero, swiftly speaking as he rose: @ **L1[I]**
'What now, O Atreus' Son, remains in view, Q6 A
But o'er the Deep our Wand'rings to renew,
Doom'd to Destruction, while our wasted Pow'rs
The Sword and Pestilence at once devours? 80
Why haste we not some Prophet's Skill to prove,
Or seek by Dreams? (for Dreams descend from Jove.)
What moves Apollo's Rage let Him explain,
What Vow with-held, what Hecatomb un-slain:
And if the Blood of Lambs and Goats can pay 85
The Price for Guilt, and turn this Curse away?
Thus He. And next the Rev'rend Calchas rose,
Their Guide to Ilion whom the Grecians chose;
The Prince of Augurs, whose enlighten'd Eye
Could Things past, present, and to come, descry: 90
Such Wisdom Phoebus gave. He thus began,
His Speech addressing to the godlike Man:
'Me then command'st thou, Lov'd of Jove, to show
What moves the God, that bends the dreadful Bow?
First plight thy Faith thy ready Help to lend, Q7
By Words to aid me, or by Arms defend.
For I foresee his Rage, whose ample Sway **Tickell**
The Argian Pow'rs and Sceptred Chiefs obey. **Iliad**
The Wrath of Kings what Subject can oppose?
3 Deep in their Breasts the smother'd Vengeance glows, **1**.100

Still watchful to destroy. Swear, Valiant Youth,
Tickell Swear, wilt thou guard me, if I speak the Truth?
Iliad To this Achilles swift replies: 'Be bold.
Disclose, what Phoebus tells thee, uncontroul'd.
By Him, who list'ning to thy pow'rful Pray'r
Reveals the Secret, I devoutly swear,
That, while these Eyes behold the Light, no Hand
Shall dare to wrong thee on this crowded Strand.
Not Atreus' Son. Though now himself he boast
The King of Men, and Sov'reign of the Hoast.'
✦ Then boldly He: 'Nor does the God complain
Of Vows with-held, or Hecatombs un-slain.
Q8 Chryseis to her awful Sire refus'd,
The Gifts rejected, and the Priest abus'd,
Call down these Judgments, and for more they call,
Just ready on th' exhausted Camp to fall;
Till Ransom-free the Damsel is bestow'd,
And Hecatombs are sent to sooth the God,
To Chrysa sent. Perhaps Apollo's Rage
The Gifts may expiate, and the Priest asswage.'
He spoke and sate. When, with an angry Frown,
The Chief of Kings up-started from his Throne.
Disdain and Vengeance in his Bosom rise,
Lour in his Brows, and Sparkle in his Eyes:
Full at the Priest their fiery Orbs he bent,
L1[O] And all at once his Fury found a Vent.
𝔸 'Augur of Ills, (for never Good to Me
Did that most inauspicious Voice decree.)
For-ever ready to denounce my Woes.
When Greece is punish'd, I am still the Cause.
Q9 And now, when Phoebus spreads his Plagues abroad,
And wastes our Camp, 'tis I provoke the God,
Because my blooming Captive I detain,
And the large Ransom is produc'd in vain.
Fond of the Maid, my Queen, in Beauty's Pride,
Ne'er charm'd me more, a Virgin and a Bride;
Not Clytemnestra boasts a nobler Grace,
A sweeter Temper, or a lovelier Face,
In works of Female Skill hath more Command,
@ Or **guides the Needle** with a nicer Hand.
Yet she shall go. The Fair our Peace shall buy:
Better I suffer, than my People die.
But mark me well. See instantly prepar'd
@ A full Equivalent, a new Reward.
Nor is it meet, while each enjoys his Share,
Your Chief should lose his Portion of the War:
In vain your Chief; whilst the dear Prize, I boast,
Is wrested from me, and for ever lost.'
Q10 To whom the Swift-Pursuer quick reply'd:
1.150 'Oh! sunk in Avarice, and swol'n with Pride!

2 (2C) How shall the Greeks, though large of Soul they be,
Collect their sever'd Spoils, a Heap for Thee
Tickell To search anew, and cull the choicest Share
Iliad Amid the mighty Harvest of the War?
Then yield thy Captive, to the God resign'd,
Assur'd a **ten-fold** Recompence to find,
When Jove's Decree shall throw proud Ilion down,
And give to Plunder the devoted Town.'
'Think not' Atrides answer'd, 'though thou shine,
Graceful in Beauty, like the Pow'rs divine,
Think not, thy Wiles, in specious Words convey'd,
From its firm Purpose shall my Soul dissuade.
Must I alone bereft sit down with Shame,
And Thou insulting keep Thy captive Dame?
If, as I ask, the Large-soul'd Greeks consent
Full Recompence to give, I stand content.
If not: a Prize I shall my self decree, Q11
From Him, or Him, or else perhaps from Thee;
While the proud Prince, despoil'd, shall rage in vain.
But break we here. The rest let Time explain.
Launch now a well-trim'd Galley from the Shore:
With Hands, experienc'd at the bending Oar:
Enclose the Hecatomb: and then with Care
To the high Deck convey the Captive Fair.
The sacred Barque let sage Ulysses guide,
Or Ajax, or Idomeneus, preside:
L1[O] Or Thou, O mighty Man, the Chief shalt be. 𝔹
And who more fit to sooth the God than Thee?'
'Shameless, and poor of Soul,' the Prince replies,
And on the Monarch casts his scornful Eyes,
'What Greek henceforth will march at thy Command,
In search of Danger on the doubtful Strand?
Who in the face of Day provoke the Fight,
Or tempt the secret Ambush of the Night?
Not I, be sure. Henceforward I am free. Q12
For ne'er was Priam's House a Foe to Me.
Far from their Inroads, in my Pastures feed
The lowing Heifer, and the pamper'd Steed,
On Phthia's Hills our Fruits securely grow,
And ripen, careless of the distant Foe,
Between whose Realms and our Thessalian Shore
Un-number'd Mountains rise, and Billows roar.
For Thine, and for thy baffled Brother's Fame,
Across those Seas, disdainful Man, I came;
Yet, Insolent! by arbitrary Sway,
Thou talk'st of seising on my rightful Prey,
The Prize whose Purchase Toils and Dangers cost,
And giv'n by Suffrage of the Grecian Hoast.
What Town, when sack'd by our victorious Bands,
4 But still brought Wealth to those rapacious Hands? **1**.200

To me, thus scorn'd, contented dost thou yield
My Share of Blood in the tumultuous Field;
But still the Flower of all the Spoil is Thine;
There claim'st Thou most. Nor e'er did I repine:
Q13 Whate'er was giv'n I took, and thought it best,
With Slaughter tir'd, and panting after Rest.
To Phthia now, for I shall fight no more,
My Ships their crooked Prows shall turn from Shore.
When I am scorn'd, I think I well foresee
210 What Spoils and Pillage will be won by Thee.'
✦ 'Hence!' cry'd the Monarch, 'hence! without delay.
Think not, vain Man! My Voice shall urge thy Stay.
Others thou leav'st to the great Cause inclin'd;
A League of Kings thou leav'st, and Jove behind.
215 Of all the Chiefs do'st Thou oppose me most:
Outrage and Uproar are thy only Boast,
Discord and Jars thy Joy. But learn to know,
If thou art strong, 'tis Jove hath made thee so.
Go, at thy Pleasure. None will stop thy Way.
220 Go, bid thy base-born Myrmidons obey.
Thou, nor thy Rage, shall my Resolves subdue;
I fix my Purpose, and my Threats renew.
Q14 Since 'tis decree'd I must the Maid restore,
A Ship shall waft her to the' offended Pow'r;
225 But fair Briseis, Thy allotted Prize,
L1[I] My self will seize, and seize before thy Eyes:
𝔹 That Thou and each audacious Man may see,
How vain the rash Attempt to cope with Me.'
Stung to the Soul, tumultuous Thoughts began
230 This way and that to rend the **godlike** Man.
To force a Passage with his Faulchion drawn,
And hurl th' Imperial Boaster from his Throne,
He now resolves: and now resolves again
To quell his Fury, and his Arm restrain.
235 While thus by turns his Rage and Reason sway'd,
And, **half** un-sheath'd he held the glitt'**ring Blade**;
That moment Juno, whose impartial Eye
Watch'd o'er them both, sent Pallas from the Sky:
She flew, and caught his yellow Hair behind,
240 (To Him alone the radiant Goddess shin'd).
Q15 Sudden he turn'd, and started with Surprize.
Rage and Revenge flash'd dreadful in his Eyes.
Then thus with hasty Words: 'O! heavenly-born!
'Com'st thou to see proud Agamemnon's Scorn?
245 But thou shalt see (my Sword shall make it good)
This glutted Sand smoak with the Tyrant's Blood.'
Tickell 'To sooth thy Soul,' the Blue-ey'd Maid replies,
Iliad '(If thou obey my Voice) I left the Skies.
Heav'n's Queen, who favours both, gave this Command:
1.250 Suppress thy Wrath, and stay thy vengeful Hand.

3 (3C) Be all thy Rage in tauntful Words exprest;
But guiltless let the thirsty Faulchion rest. **Tickell**
Mark what I speak: An Hour is on its way, **Iliad**
When Gifts **ten-fold** for this Affront shall pay.
Suppress thy Wrath; and Heav'n and me obey.' 255
Then He: 'I yield; though with reluctant Mind.
Who yields to Heav'n shall Heav'n propitious find.'
The Silver Hilt close-grasping, at the Word, Q16
Deep in the Sheath he plung'd his mighty Sword.
The Goddess, turning; darted from his Sight, 260
And reach'd Olympus in a Moment's Flight. @
But fierce Achilles in **a thund'ring Tone**
Throws out his Wrath, and goes impetuous on.
'Valiant with Wine, and furious from the Bowl!
Thou fierce-look'd Talker with a Coward Soul! 265
War's glorious Peril ever slow to share:
Aloof thou view'st the Field, for Death is there.
'Tis greater far this peaceful Camp to sway,
And peel the Greeks, at will, who disobey:
A Tyrant Lord o'er Slaves to Earth debas'd; 270
For, had they Souls, this Outrage were thy last.
But, Thou, my fix'd my final Purpose hear:
'By this dread Sceptre solemnly I swear:
By this (which once from out the Forest torn,
Nor Leaf nor Shade shall ever more adorn; 275
Which never more its Verdure must renew, Q17 **L2[O]**
Lopp'd from the Vital Stemm, whence first it grew: 𝔹
But giv'n by Jove the Sons of Men to awe,
Now sways the Nations and confirms the Law.)
A Day shall come, when for this Hour's Disdain 280
The Greeks shall wish for Me, and wish in vain;
Nor thou, though griev'd, the wanted Aid afford,
When Heaps on Heaps shall fall by Hector's Sword:
Too late with Anguish shall thy Heart be torn,
That the First Greek was made the Publick Scorn.' 285
He said. And, mounting with a furious Bound,
He dash'd his studded Sceptre on the Ground;
Then sate. Atrides, eager to reply,
On the fierce Champion glanc'd a vengeful Eye.
'Twas then, the madding Monarchs to compose, 290
The Pylian Prince, the smooth-speech'd Nestor rose.
His Tongue dropp'd Honey. Full of Days was He;
Two Ages past, he liv'd the Third to see:
And, his first Race of Subjects long decay'd, Q18
O'er their Son's Sons a peaceful Sceptre sway'd. 295
'Alas for Greece!' he cries, 'and what with Joy
Shall Priam hear, and ev'ry Son of Troy!
That You, the first in Wisdom as in Wars,
Waste your great Souls in poor ignoble Jars!
5 Go to! You both are young. Yet oft rever'd, **1**.300

Greater than you have the wise Nestor heard.
Their **Equals** never shall these Eyes behold:
Caeneus the Just, Pirithoüs the Bold,
Exadius, Dryas, born to high Command,
Shepherds of Men, and Rulers of the Land,
Theseus unrivall'd in his Sires Abodes,
And mighty Polypheme, a Match for Gods.
They, greatest Names that Ancient Story knows,
In mortal Conflict met as dreadful Foes:
Fearless through Rocks and Wilds their Prey pursu'd,
✦ And the huge **Double Cent**aur **Race** subdu'd.
Q19 With Them my early Youth was pleas'd to roam
Through Regions, far from my sweet native Home;
They call'd me to the Wars. No living Hand
Could match their Valour, or their Strength withstand;
Yet wont they oft my sage Advice to hear.
Then listen Both, with an attentive Ear.
Seize not Thou, King of Men, the beauteous Slave,
Th' allotted Prize the Grecian Voices gave.
Nor Thou, Pelides, in a threat'ning Tone
Urge him to Wrath, who fills that sacred Throne,
The King of Forty Kings, and honour'd more
By mighty Jove, than e'er was King before.
Brave though thou art, and of a Race Divine,
Thou must obey a Pow'r more great than Thine.
L2[I] And thou, O King, forbear. My self will sue
𝔹 Great Thetis' Son his Vengeance to subdue:
Great Thetis' valiant Son, our Country's Boast,
The Shield, and Bulwark, of the Grecian Hoast.'
Q20 'Wise are thy Words, O Sire,' the King began,
But what can satiate this aspiring Man?
Unbounded Pow'r he claims o'er Human-kind,
And hopes for Slaves, I trust, he ne'er shall find.
Shall We, because the Gods have form'd him Strong,
Bear the lewd Language of his lawless Tongue!'
'If aw'd by Thee, the Greeks might well despise
My Name,' the Prince, precipitate replies.
'In vain thou nodd'st from thy Imperial Throne.
Thy Vassals seek elsewhere: For I am None.
But break we here. The Fair, though justly Mine,
With Sword un-drawn I purpose to resign.
On aught beside, I once for all command,
Lay not, I charge thee, thy presumptuous Hand.
Come not within my Reach. Nor dare advance.
Or thy Heart's Blood shall reek upon my Launce.'
Thus Both in foul Debate prolong'd the Day.
Tickell The Council broke, each takes his sep'rate Way.
Iliad Q21 Achilles seeks his Tent with restless Mind;
Patroclus and his Train move slow behind.
1.350 Mean time, a Barque was haul'd along the Sand,

4 (4C) **Twice ten** selected Greeks, a brawny Band,
Tug the tough Oars, at the great King's Command.
The Gifts, the Hecatomb, the Captive Fair,
Are all entrusted to Ulysses' Care.
They mount the Deck. The Vessel takes its Flight,
Bounds o'er the Surge, and lessens to the Sight.
Next he ordains, along the winding Coast,
By hallow'd Rites to purifie the Hoast.
A Herd of chosen Victims they provide,
And cast their Offals on the briny Tide.
Fat Bulls and Goats to great Apollo die.
In Clouds the sav'ry Steam ascends the Sky.
The Greeks to Heav'n their solemn Vows addrest,
But dire Revenge rowl'd in the Monarch's Breast.
Obsequious at his Call two Heralds stand: Q22
To them in Frowns he gives this harsh Command.
'Ye Heralds, to Achilles' Tent repair;
Thence, swift, the Female Slave Briseis bear.
With Arms, if disobey'd, my self will come.
Bid him resign her, or he tempts his Doom.
The Heralds, though unwillingly, obey.
Along the Sea-beat Shore they speed their Way: @
And, now the Myrmidonian Quarter past,
At his Tent-door they find the Hero plac'd.
Disturb'd the solemn Messengers he saw:
They too stood silent, with respectful Awe, **L2[I]**
Before the Royal Youth. They neither spoke. 𝔹
He guess'd their Message, and the Silence broke:
'Ye Ministers of Gods and Men, draw near.
Not You, but Him, whose Heralds ye appear,
Robb'd of my Right I blame. Patroclus, bring
The Damsel forth for this disdainful King.
But Ye, my Wrongs, O heralds, bear in Mind, Q23
And clear me to the Gods and all Mankind,
Ev'n to your thoughtless King; if ever more
My Aid be wanted on the hostile Shore.
Thoughtless he is, nor knows his certain Doom,
Blind to the Past, nor sees the Woes to come,
His best Defence thus rashly to forego,
And leave a naked Army to the Foe.'
He ceas'd. Patroclus his dear Friend obey'd,
And usher'd in the lovely weeping Maid.
Sore sigh'd she, as the Heralds took her Hand,
And oft look'd back slow-moving o'er the Strand. @
The **widow'd** Hero, when the Fair was gone,
Far from his Friends sate bath'd in Tears, alone.
On the cold Beach he sate, and fix'd his Eyes **Tickell**
Where black with Storms the curling Billows rise, **Iliad**
And as the Sea wide-rowling he survey'd,
With out-stretch'd Arms to his fond Mother pray'd: **1**.400

Q24 ‘Since to short Life thy hapless Son was born,
Tickell Great Jove stands bound by Promise to adorn
Iliad His stinted Course, with an Immortal Name.
Is this the great Amends? the promis’d Fame?
The Son of Atreus, proud of lawless Sway,
Demands, possesses, and enjoys, my Prey.’
Near her old Sire enthron’d, she heard him weep
From the low silent Caverns of the Deep:
Then in a Morning Mist her Head she rears,
@ Sits by her Son, and mingles Tears with Tears;
✦ Close-grasps her Darling’s Hand: ‘My Son,’ she cries,
‘Why heaves thy Heart? and why o’erflow thy Eyes?
@ Oh tell me, tell thy Mother all thy Care,
That Both may know it, and that Both may share.’
‘Oh! Goddess! cry’d he, with an inward Groan,
Thou know’st it all: To Thee are all things known.
Eëtian Thebes we sack’d, their ransack’d Tow’rs,
The Plunder of a People, all was ours.
Q25 We stood agree’d the Booty to divide.
Chryseis Rosy-cheek’d, and Glossy-ey’d,
Fell to the King; but holy Chryses bore
Vast Gifts of Ransom, to the Tented Shore:
His Sceptre stretching forth (the golden Rod
Hung round with hallow’d Garlands of his God)
Of all the Hoast, of ev’ry Princely Chief,
L2[O] But first of Atreus’ Sons, he begg’d Relief.
𝔹 Throughout the Hoast consenting Murmurs ran,
To yield her to the venerable Man;
But the harsh King deny’d to do him Right,
And drove the trembling Prophet from his Sight.
Apollo heard his injur’d Suppliant’s Cry,
And dealt his Arrows through th’ infected Sky;
@ The swift Contagion, sent by His Commands,
Swept through the Camp, and thinn’d the Grecian Bands,
The guilty Cause a sacred Augur show’d,
And I first mov’d to mitigate the God.
At this the Tyrant storm’d, and Vengeance vow’d;
And now too soon hath made his Threatenings good.
Chryseis first with Gifts to Chrysa sent,
His Heralds came this Moment to my Tent,
And bore Briseïs thence, my beauteous Slave,
Th’ allotted Prize, which the leagu’d Grecians gave.
Thou Goddess, then, and Thou, I know, ha’st Pow’r,
For thine own Son the Might of Jove implore.
Oft in my Father’s House I’ve heard thee tell,
When sudden Fears on Heav’n’s great Monarch fell,
Thy Aid the Rebel Deities o’ercame,
And sav’d the mighty Thunderer from Shame.
Pallas, and Neptune, aud great Juno, bound.
1.450 The Sire in Chains, and hemm’d their Sovereign round.

5 (5C) Thy Voice, O Goddess, broke their idle Bands,
And call’d the Giant of the **Hundred** Hands,
Thy Prodigy, whom Heav’n and Earth revere,
Briareus nam’d above, Aegeon here:
His Father Neptune He in Strength surpass’d;
At Jove’s Right Hand his hideous Form he plac’d,
Proud of his Might. The Gods with secret Dread,
Beheld the huge enormous Shape, and fled.
Remind him then: For well thou know’st the Art: Q27
Go, clasp his Knees, and melt his mighty Heart.
Let the driv’n Argians, hunted o’er the Plain,
Seek the last Verge of this tempestuous Main:
There let them perish, void of all Relief, @
My Wrongs remember, and enjoy their Chief.
Too late with Anguish shall his Heart be torn,
That the First Greek was made the publick Scorn.”
Then She (With Tears her azure Eyes ran o’er)
‘Why bore I Thee! or nourish’d, when I bore!
Blest, if within thy Tent, and free from Strife,
Thou might’st possess thy poor Remains of Life!
Thy Death approaching now the Fates foreshow;
Short is thy destin’d Term, and full of Woe.
Ill-fated Thou! and oh unhappy I!
But hence to the celestial Courts I fly,
Where, hid in Snow, to Heav’n Olympus swells,
And Jove, rejoycing in his Thunder, dwells. **L1[I]**
Mean time, My Son, indulge thy just Disdain: Q28 𝔹
Vent all thy Rage, and shun the hostile Plain,
Till Jove returns. Last Night my Waves he cross’d,
And sought the distant Ethiopian Coast:
Along the Skies his radiant Course he steer’d,
Behind him all the Train of Gods appear’d,
A bright Procession. To the holy Feast
Of blameless Men he goes a grateful Guest.
To Heav’n he comes, when twice six Days are o’er,
Then shall my Voice the Sire of Gods implore,
Then to his lofty Mansion will I pass,
Founded on Rocks of ever-during Brass:
There will I clasp his Knees with wonted Art,
Nor doubt, my Son, but I shall melt his Heart.’
She ceas’d: and left him lost in doubtful Care,
And bent on Vengeance for the ravish’d Fair.
But, safe arriv’d near Chrysa’s sacred Strand,
The sage Ulysses now advance’d to Land.
Along the Coast he shoots with swelling Gales, Q29
Then low’rs the lofty Mast, and furls the Sails;
Next plies to Port with many a well-tim’d Oar, **Tickell**
And drops his Anchors near the faithful Shore. **Iliad**
The barque now fix’d amidst the rowling Tide,
Chryseis follows her experienc’d Guide: **1**.500

The Gifts to Phoebus from the Grecian Hoast,
Tickell A Herd of Bulls went bellowing o'er the Coast.
Iliad To the God's Fane, high looking o'er the Land,
He led, and near the Altar took his Stand,
Then gave her to the joyful Father's Hand.
'All hail! Atrides sets thy Daughter free,
Sends Off'rings to thy God, and Gifts to Thee.
But Thou intreat the Pow'r, whose dreadful Sway
Aflicts his Camp, and sweeps his Hoast away.'
He said, and gave her. The fond Father smil'd
✦ With secret Rapture, and embrac'd his Child.
Q30 The Victims now they range in chosen Bands,
And offer Gifts with un-polluted Hands:
When with loud Voice, and Arms up-rear'd in Air,
The hoary Priest prefer'd this pow'rful Prayer:
'Dread Warrior with the Silver Bow, give Ear:
Patron of Chrysa and of Cilla, hear.
About this Dome thou walk'st thy constant Round:
Still have my Vows thy Pow'r propitious found.
Rous'd by My Pray'rs ev'n now thy Vengeance burns,
And smit by Thee, the Grecian Army mourns.
Hear me once more; and let the suppliant Foe
Avert thy Wrath, and slack thy dreadful Bow.'
He pray'd: and great Apollo heard his Pray'r.
The Suppliants now their votive Rites prepare:
L1[O] Amid the Flames they cast the hallow'd Bread,
𝔹 And Heav'n-ward turn each Victim's destin'd Head:
@ Next slay the fatted Bulls, their Skins divide,
@ And from each Carcass rend the smoaking Hyde;
Q31 On ev'ry Limb large Rowls of Fat bestow,
And chosen Morsels round the Off'ring strow:
Mysterious Rites. Then on the Fire divine
The great High Priest pours forth the ruddy Wine;
Himself the Off'ring burns. On either Hand
A Troop of Youths, in decent Order, stand.
On sharpen'd Forks, obedient to the Sire,
@ They turn the tasteful Fragments in the Fire;
Adorn the Feast, see ev'ry Dish well-stor'd,
And serve the plenteous Messes to the Board.
When now the various Feast had cheer'd their Souls,
With sparkling Wines they crown the gen'rous Bowls,
The First Libations to Apollo pay,
And solemnize with sacred Hymns the Day:
His Praise in Iö Paeans loud they sing,
And sooth the Rage of the far-shooting King.
At Evening, through the Shore dispers'd, they sleep,
Hush'd by the distant Roarings of the Deep.
Q32 When now, ascending from the Shades of Night,
Aurora glow'd in all her Rosie Light,
1.550 The Daughter of the Dawn: th' awaken'd Crew

Back to the Greeks encamp'd their Course renew.
The Breezes freshen: for with friendly Gales **Tickell**
Apollo swell'd their wide, distended, Sails: **Iliad**
Cleft by the rapid Prow the Waves divide,
And in hoarse Murmurs break on either Side.
In Safety to the destin'd Port they pass'd,
And fix'd their Barque with grappling Haulsers fast,
Then dragg'd her farther, on the dry-land Coast,
Regain'd their Tents, and mingled in the Hoast.
But fierce Achilles, still on Vengeance bent,
Cherish'd his Wrath, and madden'd in his Tent.
The' assembled Chiefs he shun'd with high Disdain,
A Band of Kings: nor sought the hostile Plain;
But long'd to hear the distant Troops engage,
The Strife grow doubtful, and the Battel rage.
Twelve Days were past, and now th'Ethereal Train, Q33
Jove at their Head, to Heav'n return'd again:
When Thetis, from the Deep prepar'd to rise,
Shot through a big-swoll'n Wave and pierc'd the Skies.
At early Morn she reach'd the Realms above,
The Court of Gods, the Residence of Jove.
On the Top-Point of high Olympus, crown'd
With Hills on Hills, Him far apart she found,
Above the rest. The Earth beneath display'd
(A boundless Prospect) his broad Eye survey'd.
Her Left Hand grasp'd his Knees, her Right she rear'd, **L1[O]**
And touch'd with Blandishment his awful Beard; ℂ
Then, suppliant with submissive Voice implor'd
Old Saturn's Son, the God by Gods ador'd:
'If e'er, by Rebel Deities opprest
My Aid reliev'd thee, grant this one Request.
Since to short Life my hapless Son was born,
Do Thou with Fame the scanty Space adorn.
Punish the King of Men, whose lawless Sway Q34
Hath sham'd the Youth, and seiz'd his destin'd Prey.
Awhile let Troy prevail, that Greece may grieve,
And doubled Honours to my Off-spring give.'
She said. The God vouchsaf'd not to reply:
(A deep Suspense sate in his thoughtful Eye)
Once more around his Knees the Goddess clung,
And to soft Accents form'd her artful Tongue:
'Oh! speak. Or grant me, or deny my Pray'r.
Fear not to speak, what I am doom'd to bear;
That I may know, if thou my Pray'r deny,
The most despis'd of all the Gods am I.'
With a deep Sigh the Thund'ring Pow'r replies:
'To what a height will Juno's Anger rise!
Still doth her Voice, before the Gods, upbraid
My partial Hand, that gives the Trojans Aid.
8 I grant thy Suit. But, hence! depart unseen, **1**.600

And shun the Sight of Heav'n's suspicious Queen.
Q35 Believe my Nod, the great the certain Sign,
When Jove propitious hears the Pow'rs divine;
The Sign that ratifies my high Command,
That thus I Will: and what I Will shall stand.'
This said, his kingly Brow the Sire inclin'd;
@ The large black Curls fell awful from behind,
Thick-shadowing the stern Forehead of the God:
Olympus trembled at the' Almighty Nod.
The Goddess smil'd; and, with a sudden Leap
✦ From the high Mountain plung'd into the Deep.
But Jove repair'd to his celestial Tow'rs:
And, as he rose, up-rose th' Immortal Pow'rs.
In Ranks, on either side, the' Assembly cast,
Bow'd down, and did Obeisance as he pass'd.
To Him enthron'd (for whisp'ring she had seen
Close at his Knees the Silver-footed Queen,
Q36 Daughter of Him, who, low beneath the Tides,
Aged and hoary in the Deep resides)
Big with Invectives, Juno Silence broke,
And thus, opprobrious, her Resentments spoke:
'False Jove! what Goddess whisp'ring did I see?
O fond of Counsels, still conceal'd from Me!
To Me, neglected, thou wilt ne'er impart
One single Thought of thy close-cover'd Heart.'
L1[I] To whom the Sire of Gods and Men reply'd:
ℂ 'Strive not to find, what I decree to hide.
Laborious were the Search, and vain the Strife,
Vain ev'n for Thee, my Sister and my Wife.
The Thoughts and Counsels, proper to declare,
Nor God nor Mortal shall before thee share:
But, what my secret Wisdom shall ordain,
Think not to reach, for know the Thought were vain.'
Q37 'Dread Saturn's Son, why so severe?' replies
The Goddess of the large Majestick Eyes.
'Thy own dark Thoughts at Pleasure hide, or show;
Ne'er have I ask'd, nor now aspire to know.
Nor yet my Fears are vain: nor came unseen
To thy high Throne the Silver-footed Queen,
Daughter of Him, who low beneath the Tides
Aged and hoary in the Deep resides.
Thy Nod assures me she was not deny'd:
And Greece must perish for a Madman's Pride.'
To whom the God, whose Hand the Tempest forms,
Drives Clouds on Clouds, and blackens Heav'n with Storms,
Thus wrathful answer'd: 'Do'st thou still complain?
Tickell Perplex'd for ever, and perplex'd in vain!
Iliad Should'st thou disclose the dark Event to come,
How wilt thou stop th' irrevocable Doom!
1.650 This serves the more to sharpen my Disdain;

7 (7C) And Woes foreseen but lengthen out thy Pain.
Be silent then. Dispute not my Command; Q38
Nor tempt the Force of this superiour Hand,
Lest all the Gods, around thee leagu'd, engage
In vain to shield thee from my kindled Rage.'
Mute and abash'd, she sate without Reply,
And downward turn'd her large Majestick Eye,
Nor further durst th' offended Sire provoke:
The Gods around him trembled, as he spoke:
When Vulcan, for his Mother sore distrest,
Turn'd Orator, and thus his Speech address'd:
'Hard is our Fate, if Men of Mortal Line
Stir up Debate among the Pow'rs divine,
If Things on Earth disturb the blest Abodes,
And mar th' Ambrosial Banquet of the Gods!
Then let my Mother once be rul'd by Me,
Though much more wise than I pretend to be:
Let me advise her silent to obey,
And due Submission to our Father pay,
Nor force again his gloomy Rage to rise, Q39
Ill-tim'd, and damp the Revels of the Skies.
For should he toss her from th' Olympian Hill,
Who could resist the mighty Monarch's Will!
Then Thou to Love the Thund'rer reconcile,
And tempt him kindly on us All to smile.'
He said: and in his tott'ring Hands up-bore **L1[I]**
A Double Goblet, fill'd and foaming o'er. ℂ
'Sit down, Dear Mother, with a Heart content,
Nor urge a more disgraceful Punishment,
Which if great Jove inflict, poor I dismay'd,
Must stand aloof, nor dare to give thee Aid.
Great Jove shall reign for-ever, Uncontroul'd.
Remember, when I took thy Part of old,
Caught by the Heel he swung me round on high,
And headlong hurl'd me from th' ethereal Sky:
From Morn to Noon I fell, from Noon to Night;
Till pitch'd on Lemnos, a most piteous Sight,
The Sintians hardly could my Breath recall, Q40
Giddy and Gasping with the dreadful Fall.'
She smil'd: and, smiling, her white Arm display'd
To reach the Bowl her awkward Son convey'd.
From Right to Left the gen'rous Bowl he crown'd,
And dealt the Rosie Nectar fairly round.
The Gods laugh'd out, unweary'd as they spy'd
The busy Skinker hop from side to side.
Thus feasting to the full, they pass'd away,
In blissful Banquets, all the live-long Day. **Tickell**
Nor wanted Melody. With heav'nly Art **Iliad**
The Muses sung: Each Muse perform'd her Part,
9 Alternate warbling, while the Golden Lyre **1**.700

Touch'd by Apollo, led the vocal Choir.
Tickell The Sun at length declin'd, when every Guest
Iliad Sought his bright Palace, and withdrew to Rest:
Each had his Palace on th' Olympian Hill,
705 A Master-piece of Vulcan's matchless Skill.
Q41 Ev'n He, the God, who Heav'n's great Sceptre sways,
And frowns amid the Lightning's dreadful Blaze,
His Bed of State ascending, lay compos'd;
His Eyes a sweet refreshing Slumber clos'd:
710 And at his Side, all glorious to behold,
1.711 ◆ Was Juno lodg'd in her Alcove of Gold.

1.1 Q1 ACHILLES' fatal Wrath, whence Discord rose
That brought the Sons of Greece unnumber'd Woes,
O Goddess sing. Full many a Hero's Ghost
Was driv'n untimely to th' Infernal Coast,
5 While in promiscuous Heaps their Bodies lay,
A Feast for Dogs, and ev'ry Bird of Prey.
So did the Sire of Gods and Men fulfil
His stedfast Purpose, and Almighty Will;
Q2 What time the haughty Chiefs their Jars begun,
10 Atrides King of Men, and Peleus' **godlike** Son.
◆ What God in Strife the Princes did engage?
Apollo, burning with vindictive Rage
Against the scornful King, whose impious Pride
His Priest dishonour'd, and his Pow'r defy'd.
L1[O] Hence swift Contagion, by the God's commands,
ℂ Swept through the Camp and thinn'd the Grecian Bands.
For, Wealth immense the holy Chryses bore,
(His Daughter's Ransom,) to the Tented Shore:
His Sceptre stretching forth, the golden Rod,
20 Hung round with hallow' d Garlands of his God,
Of all the Host, of ev'ry Princely Chief,
But first of Atreus' Sons be begg'd Relief:
'Great Atreus' Sons, and warlike Greeks, attend.
So may th'immortal Gods your Cause befriend,
25 So may you Priam's lofty Bulwarks burn,
And rich in gather'd Spoils to Greece return,
As for these Gifts my Daughter you bestow,
And Rev'rence due to great Apollo show,
Jove's Fav'rite Offspring, terrible in War,
30 Who sends his Shafts, un-erring, from afar.'
Throughout the Host consenting Murmurs rise
The Priest to rev'rence, and give back the Prize;
When the Great King, incens'd, his Silence broke
In Words reproachful, and thus sternly spoke:
35 'Hence, Dotard, from my Sight. Nor ever more
Approach, I warn thee, this forbidden Shore;
Lest thou stretch forth, my Fury to restrain,
The Wreaths and Sceptre of thy God in vain.
1.39 The Captive Maid I never will resign.

8 Till Age o'ertakes her, I have vow'd her Mine. 40
To distant Argos shall the Fair be led:
Tickell
She shall, to ply the Loom, and grace my Bed.
Iliad
Begone, e'er Evil intercept thy way.
Q4
Hence, on thy Life: nor urge me by thy Stay.'
He ended frowning. Speechless, and dismay'd, 45
The Aged Sire his stern Command obey'd.
Silent he pass'd, amid the deaf'ning Roar
Of tumbling Billows, on the lonely Shore;
Far from the Camp he pass'd: then suppliant stood;
And thus the hoary Priest invok'd his God: **1**.50
'Dread Warriour with the Silver Bow, give Ear.
Patron of Chrysa and of Cilla, hear.
To Thee the Guard of Tenedos belongs;
Propitious Smintheus! Oh! redress my Wrongs.
If e'er within thy Fane, with Wreaths adorn'd, 55
The Fat of Bulls and well-fed Goats I burn'd,
Oh! hear my Pray'r! Let Greece thy Fury know,
And with thy Shafts avenge thy Servant's Woe!'
Apollo heard his injur'd Suppliant's Cry.
Q5
Down rush'd the vengeful Warrior from the Sky; 60
Across his Breast the glitt'ring Bow he flung,
And at his Back the well-stor'd Quiver hung:
(His Arrows rattled, as he urg'd his Flight.)
In Clouds he flew, conceal'd from Mortal Sight;
Then took his Stand the well-aim'd Shaft to throw: 65
Fierce sprung the String, and twang'd the Silver Bow.
The Dogs and Mules his first keen Arrow slew;
Amid the Ranks the next more fatal flew,
A deathful Dart. The Fun'ral Piles around
For-ever blaz'd on the devoted Ground. 70
Nine Days entire, he vex'd th' embattail'd Hoast.
The Tenth, Achilles through the winding Coast
Summon'd a Council, by the Queen's Command
Who wields Heav'n's Sceptre in her Snowy Hand:
She mourn'd her fav'rite Greeks, who now enclose 75
The Hero, swiftly speaking as he rose: @
'What now, O Atreus' Son, remains in view,
Q6
But o'er the Deep our Wand'rings to renew,
Doom'd to Destruction, while our wasted Pow'rs
The Sword and Pestilence at once devours? 80
Why haste we not some Prophet's Skill to prove,
Or seek by Dreams? (for Dreams descend from Jove.)
What moves Apollo's Rage let Him explain,
What Vow with-held, what Hecatomb un-slain:
And if the Blood of Lambs and Goats can pay 85
The Price for Guilt, and turn this Curse away?
Thus He. And next the Rev'rend Calchas rose,
Their Guide to Ilion whom the Grecians chose;
10 The Prince of Augurs, whose enlighten'd Eye **1**.89
Could Things past, present, and to come, descry: